NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

God
923.1455
Lou/Lou/mm
36204

00036204

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 20 February, 2020

MEMOIRS, &c.

MEMOIR

OF

THE QUEEN OF ETRURIA,

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

AN

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE

OF THE

Seizure and Removal

OF POPE PIUS VII.

ON THE 6TH OF JULY, 1809,

WITH

GENUINE MEMOIRS OF HIS JOURNEY

FROM

ROME TO FRANCE, AND THENCE TO SAVONA,

WRITTEN BY ONE OF HIS ATTENDANTS.

Translated from the Italian.

36204

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET,

By J. F. Dove, St. John's Square.

1814.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Original Memoirs, of which the following are faithful translations, are in the Italian language, and were communicated to the publisher by the Rev. Father Macpherson, who is lately arrived in this country from Rome. Those relating to the Queen of Etruria were written by herself, in order to vindicate her conduct from the aspersions which her enemies, and the advocate of Buonaparte, had thrown upon it; and to tell the world a part of what she suffered from the ambition of that bad man, and the malevolence of his partisans.

The papers relative to the Pope were written at the desire of M. Mac-

pherson himself, by persons of honour, who were eye and ear witnesses of every particular mentioned. A great deal more might have been added from other sources of intelligence, concerning the cruel treatment endured from the tyrant by the venerable Pontiff, during the space of more than six years that he was his captive. But, as the information derived from them cannot at present be satisfactorily traced to equally good authority, it has been judged proper, on this occasion, to publish nothing on the subject, of which the authenticity can in any degree be called in question. On that of the documents now submitted to their perusal, the public may place the most implicit reliance.

MEMOIR,

&c.

I, MARIA LOUISA of Bourbon, daughter to King Charles the Fourth of Spain, at the age of thirteen years and a half contracted matrimony with the Infant Don Louis of Bourbon, eldest son to the Duke of Parma: I continued, nevertheless, to reside in Spain, as Princess of Parma, with my parents and brothers—most happy in my union with

a husband, whom I loved with the greatest tenderness, and who returned my affection. After we had been six years married, I had a son, to whom we gave the name of Charles Louis, my father having held him at the font. In this manner we passed seven years; about the end of which it was intimated to me, that a treaty had been made, by which my husband was appointed to the throne of Tuscany, with the title of King of Etruria. This intelligence was a matter of the utmost surprise to me, who knew nothing about the treaty which was said to have been concluded.

Shortly after this communication, I received instructions to quit Spain, in order to repair to Tuscany; which was

done accordingly in April, 1801. My grief was excessive at this separation from my family, and from my native country, to which I was, and indeed am, most sincerely attached. It now occurs to me to mention a circumstance, which caused me no small dread at the commencement of my journey. The Prince of the Peace came to pay a visit to my husband, when I happened to be present; and, taking occasion to introduce the subject of our journey, he told him that it would be necessary for him to go by way of Paris, because the First Consul desired it;—"by way of experiment,"—the word escaped him, to see what effect the appearance of a Bourbon would have in France."

My husband and I shuddered at this discourse; by which it appeared, that our lives were to be risked, by exposing us in a country, where so atrocious a massacre had already been made of our family. Reflection, however, was of no avail, and through Paris we were constrained to take our route. As far as the Spanish frontier I was accompanied by the guards, and by the whole household of the king, my father; but, upon my entrance into France, to my great grief, every Spaniard was ordered to quit me, with the exception of four or five noblemen and my confessor, whom, as an extreme favour, I was permitted to take with me to Florence; and, in the place of those who were sent away, we

were joined by a French general, who accompanied us to Paris, with a guard of French soldiers, and lodged us in the house of the Spanish minister. Here we were treated with great attention, and received abundance of invitations and entertainments, which I was little able to enjoy, a Tertian ague having seized me immediately on my arrival, which confined me almost entirely to my bed. We remained at Paris about twenty days, and then proceeded for Tuscany, accompanied by another French general. This journey was not very beneficial to our health. My husband was never well after his stay at Paris, and my fever still continued. In this state we reached Parma, and there, the tenderness with which I

was treated by my husband's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Parma, and by his sisters, the princesses, restored me, in some measure, to the enjoyment of happiness. I was not, however, quite free from uneasiness. My son, not yet one year old, had suffered greatly from the effects of his journey; and, through the fear and fatigue she had undergone, his nurse's milk so disagreed with him, that he was for some time at the point of death. But, thank God, he recovered; and, after three weeks passed at that city, we set off for Florence. I felt real affliction at parting from the duke and duchess, since I loved them sincerely, and was beloved by them in return.

We arrived at Florence on the 12th

of August, 1801; the States of Tuscany were already occupied by French troops, under the command of General Murat, and Count Cæsar Ventura had taken possession of them in our name.

Soon after my arrival, I had the misfortune to miscarry; and my husband's health still continued to decline. Our hearts were somewhat depressed, because the people, seeing that we entered the kingdom surrounded by French troops, believed that we were of the same party: we had the further mortification to find the palace stripped of every thing; part had been carried away by the late Court, and, since their departure, those who succeeded them, had completed the work by taking whatever remained; so that, for

some time after our arrival, we were obliged to the nobility for supplying us with candlesticks, dishes, and other furniture, from their own houses. It was the first time, that a daughter of the King of Spain, accustomed to roll in gold and silver, found herself constrained to eat out of earthen ware. Soon afterwards came the minister, or nuncio of the Pope, and the minister of Austria, General Colli, who was the earliest; the court of Vienna being foremost to acknowledge us, next after France.

My husband's first concern was, to procure for the departure of the French troops, which still occupied Tuscany, and greatly aggrieved the people: but this he found to be impossible. It was

refused on various pretences; first, because we had no troops of our own; and, in the second place, it was pretended that they were necessary for the security of the country, where there still existed a party in favour of the old government. In short, all we could obtain was, that, as soon as a guard of nobles was established, the French troops should leave the capital; for they never quitted Leghorn or Pisa, or the rest of our dominions. Our court was formed by degrees, and I could not obtain permission from Spain to have a single Spanish lady left in my suite—all those who had accompanied me to Florence being recalled, by order of my parents, within a month after our arrival.

My husband's health declined rapidly; he was first attacked by the Tertian ague, he then began to suffer in his chest, and shortly after was seized with a violent and obstinate cough, which reduced him to a shadow. Many physicians were called in, and many remedies tried, but nothing seemed to do him good. He continued very ill during the rest of the summer and the winter. In the spring of 1802, we received news of the approaching marriage of my brother and sister, and my parents wrote me word that the ceremony would take place in the autumn, and it was their wish that we should be present. We went to Pisa accordingly about the middle of September, in a most lamentable condition.

my husband continuing miserably ill, with a complaint on his lungs, and myself in daily expectation of being brought to bed. At Pisa, I was taken very ill, and my husband's disorder increased to such a height, that we were forced to stay a month there before we proceeded further. At last, being somewhat better, we embarked, and had not been at sea above two days, when I fell in labour, and was delivered of a female child. Two days after we reached Barcelona; but, in consequence of our detention at Pisa, we were too late for the solemnization of the marriage, which was over before we arrived in the road of that city. Immediately on our arrival, my father came

to visit me, and it was determined that I should be brought on shore the next day, which took place accordingly; and, as it was only three days after my delivery, they took me up on the bed in which I lay, and lowered me through one of the port-holes of the ship into the boat; and, on our landing, placed me in a sort of litter, and so carried me to the palace. The next day my daughter was baptized by the names of Louisa Charlotte, after my parents, who held her at the font.

A few days after our arrival, we received news of the death of the Duke of Parma, my father-in-law. This was a great affliction to my husband, who was then extremely ill, his cough having so

much increased, that the Spanish physicians thought it adviseable to send him back immediately to Florence, where he might remain undisturbed.

It was scarcely thirty days from my arrival, when their majesties thought proper to set out on a journey, and to insist on my accompanying them. We went together to Carthagena, where my husband and I were to embark for Tuscany; but, in consequence of my recent confinement, I suffered greatly from this journey by land, and my husband also was much harassed by it. Thus, without having experienced any enjoyment, but, on the contrary, a great deal of distress, we re-embarked at Carthagena on Innocents day, and in the gulf of

Lyons were assailed by a hurricane, which lasted twelve hours. At length we reached Leghorn, on the ———, and thence returned to Florence. This voyage only contributed to augment my husband's disorder; and, on the 27th of May, 1803, five months after our return from Spain, I was left a widow, at the age of twenty-one, with two infants. Before his death, my husband made a will, in which he recommended to me his children, of whom he appointed me guardian, and Regent of the kingdom of Etruria.

When I assumed the reins of government, my only thought was how to advance the happiness of my subjects; but, within a very short time, I had the

misfortune to hear that the plague had broken out at Leghorn, and that many persons had fallen victims to it. It was our lot to suffer greatly before we were delivered from this scourge. I found myself truly happy in having good subjects, who loved me tenderly, and whom I sincerely loved in return; yet, against my inclinations, I found it necessary to distress them by heavy impositions, to support the expenses which the French troops forcibly exacted from us, since they continued to occupy the country without any necessity, inpite of all the applications we made to get rid of them. At last, however, leave was obtained, that the Court of Spain should send a Spanish general with forces of

that nation to supply their place; and then the French troops departed, and left the country free. After this I enjoyed perfect tranquillity: the king, my son, grew up all that I could wish him to be—good, docile, and of a most noble spirit. He made great progress in his studies; his health was robust, and every day increased the hearty affection which his beloved subjects bore him. My sole ambition was to be able some day to point out to him the difference between the deplorable state in which I had found the kingdom, and that in which I hoped to deliver it into his hands. But, in the midst of these prospects, in the midst of all my happiness, a mortal

blow awaited me. On the 23d of November, 1807, being then at one of my country houses, the French minister came to intimate to me, that Spain had made the cession to France of this kingdom, and that it was necessary for me to depart, as the French troops, which were ordered to occupy these dominions, were already at hand. I immediately dispatched a courier to Spain, having had no previous intimation of any thing that had passed. The answer was, that I should hasten my departure, the country being no longer mine, and that I should find consolation in the bosom of my family. It was not this, however, that made me go, but the entrance of French troops in great num-

bers into the capital itself; and thus, contrary to my intention, and sorely against my will, was I constrained by force to take my departure. The French made us issue proclamation, at the time of our departure, absolving our subjects from their oaths; but nothing of this could be valid—first, because it was done by force, and secondly, because it was founded on a basis altogether insufficient. In this manner, on the 10th of December, in the most severe weather, I took my leave of a country, in which my heart has remained ever since. On the journey, they communicated to me, that it was intended to give me in compensation for Tuscany a part of Portugal; but this only increased my

affliction, and made me hasten my voyage, that I might throw myself at the feet of my parents, and tell them that, whatever treaty might be made, I neither wished for, nor would ever accept of dominion over a state belonging to any other sovereign, still less over one which belonged to a sister, and a near relation of my own: in short, to give them to understand, that I desired to return to Tuscany.

On the 19th of February, 1808, we arrived safely at the palace of Aranjuez, where, after I had enjoyed the satisfaction of beholding again my parents and my brothers, my first thought was to make inquiry respecting this treaty. The answer given me was, that they also

had been deceived, and that no treaty whatever was in existence! I cannot conceal, that on the one hand, I was thunderstruck at the discovery of this terrible treachery committed against us; while, on the other, it afforded me some consolation, and encouraged me to renew my pressing entreaties, for permission to return to my beloved Tuscany. Shortly after this followed my father's renunciation of his crown, and the proclamation of my brother as his successor. I made the same instances to him also, and even obtained from him the most solemn promises to accomplish my return; when, by a second treason, he was led away to Bayonne, and we were all of us enticed to follow him.

I left Madrid on the 3d of May, being scarcely recovered from the measles, with which I had just been afflicted. I was totally ignorant of all that had passed, and the first words my parents spoke to me, on reaching Bayonne, were, "You must know, daughter, that our family has ceased for ever to reign." At these words, I thought I should have died. I knew not what might follow, having never figured to myself the possibility of such an occurrence. I took my leave, and retired to my chamber, more dead than alive.

Bonaparte being at this moment at Bayonne, I applied for permission to see him, and open a negociation for my return to Tuscany, but was an-

swered, No. I then endeavoured at least to obtain the restitution of Parma, but this was also refused: in short, while I was using all means I could think of, to recover at least one of the two states that belonged to us, and of which we had been despoiled by the blackest stratagems, that most unexpected event transpired, the treaty at Bayonne, by which an annual assignment of 400,000 francs was made, in lieu of the cession by King Charles the Fourth of the kingdom of Spain to Napoleon. In further pursuance of this most cruel treaty, my brothers, King Ferdinand the Seventh, and the infant Don Carlos, with my uncle, the infant Don Antonio, received orders to

proceed to (Valency,*) which orders were complied with, a few days after. My parents, with the infant Francis Antonio, set off for Fontainbleau, and I, with my children, was forced to follow them.

We arrived at Fontainbleau, after a most painful journey, on the ———, and were lodged in the palace, where my father and mother were already established, and had the whole service of the Imperial Court assigned to them; ladies, gentlemen, and guards—all were at their disposal.

We, on the other hand, had only a miserable little apartment given us, in which I resided with my family: my principal endeavour was now to find

* Left blank in the original.

some country house, where I might live in peace with my children and household; for I had myself told Bonaparte, during our stay at Bayonne, that I thought it best to be separate from my father and mother, and to live in a house of my own, with a distinct establishment, according to my different circumstances; and he then appeared to approve of this project. I therefore began, from the first moment of my arrival at Fontainbleau, to look about with this view; and, after infinite difficulties, succeeded in finding a pleasant house called Passy. This I engaged and furnished for a year, and finally fixed a day for removing to it, desiring the proprietors to provide a dinner for my reception. My parents,

who were fully apprized of the whole arrangement, expressed their complete satisfaction, and were constantly speaking of coming to visit me, saying, that it was a plan which was altogether suitable. I, who pursued my preparations with the most perfect innocence, could not have imagined, that these demonstrations of good-will were feigned: nevertheless, I began to doubt when, on the eve of my removal, post horses* were refused me, under the pretence that there were none at hand: however, without making any complaint, I ordered job horses,† took leave of my parents the same evening, and, on the morning of the day when I was expected

* Cavalli di posta. † Cavalli a vettura.

at my new house, stept into my coach with my children: but we had hardly reached the outer gate of the palace, when I was arrested, and forced to turn back in company with the general, who, with great expressions of concern, informed me, that he had received an order for my arrest, and for placing centinels in the court yard of my lodging, which took effect accordingly. Thus, to my shame and mortification, was I compelled to incur expenses to which my means were unequal; for the proprietors of the house insisted on satisfaction, and forced me to pay them for a whole year, as if I had actually enjoyed possession of it, besides being answerable for all charges incurred for preparing it for my recep-

tion. I endeavoured to rise superior to all these circumstances; but the physical powers are not at our command, and so much had they been harassed, that I then began to experience fits of convulsion, to which I was subject, for three years after, and during which, I have not been mistress of myself. All persons belonging to the French court, from the highest to the lowest, were struck by such treatment, and compassionated my miseries, both of mind and body; those only, who were nearest to me, shewed themselves indifferent about my distresses. They told me it was Bonaparte's business, and that I ought to write to him: I did so accordingly, but the anwser I received, was that which I ought to have expected;

" that I had done wrong, and that my " parents were in the right." A few days afterwards they received orders to remove to Compiegne, and I was instructed to follow, which I did, with a thousand inconveniences on the journey. At this place we arrived on the 18th of June. My father and mother alone had the command and enjoyment of palace, gardens, woods, and all the appurtenances; as for us, they assigned to us quarters in the court yard, the most gloomy and uncomfortable that they could find.

On our arrival at this place, I applied for payment of our first month's allowance; when I learned, with surprise, that the government thought pro-

per to retain 12,000 francs per month, to pay our travelling and other expenses; though it appeared at least fitting, that those of our journey from Bayonne to Compiegne should be defrayed by France. No representation was sufficient, however, to establish our right, and I was obliged to submit to this retention: besides which, I was never able to succeed in getting any assignment whatever made to my children, although they were also infants of Spain. Thus 33,000 francs per month were to serve for the support of myself, my children, and my household! In this state of things, afflicted and distressed on all sides, my health grew daily worse. The physician, who knew that my distemper

was the effect of melancholy, ordered me to take exercise on horseback, and sometimes to join in the chase. His first prescription, that of horse exercise, I adopted as soon as my monthly allowance enabled me to purchase a horse; and till then I contented myself with walking with my children, though it was the hottest season of the year, and every body else was riding about on fine horses, or in carriages. As to the second prescription, that of the chase, as the wood belonged to my father and mother, I asked permission of them, which was at first granted me; but, before I could take advantage of it, the permission was revoked. I was not a little hurt by this unkind, not to say

cruel, treatment. The captain of the chase * offered me a small piece of ground in a little wood, which was his own property; saying to me, "Well, "well! may it please you then to come "to a spot which does not belong either "to the Emperor or the King of Spain, "but to me only? and I intreat your ac- "ceptance of it." I accepted it accordingly, and now and then visited the place. In this manner passed the rest of June, July, and August; after which, they began to talk of their majesties leaving their present residence on account of my father's health; for the climate was supposed not to agree with him, and they had obtained permis-

* Capitano della caccia.

sion to go to Marseilles. They now declared it to be their absolute pleasure, and used all the persuasions in their power for that purpose, that I should again accompany them: but this time I succeeded in remaining where I was, by making it appear to them, that my family my interests, and privileges, were altogether distinct from their's—and it was, therefore, better that we should live separate. In short, they took their departure on the 16th of September, and I remained in the palace behind them. I now renewed my applications for an increase of my assignments; and, to that end, sent several persons, from time to time, with letters to the emperor, stating my re-

quest: but to all these he either returned ambiguous and inconclusive answers, or none at all. At last there came an order for my removal to Parma—where I was told, that the Palace of Colorno was assigned to me with all its appurtenances; and Marshal Duroc, Duke of Friuli, informed my chamberlain, who had gone to speak with him about my affairs, that Bonaparte would have me go to Parma; that he had given me the palace; and that, immediately upon our arrival, my monthly allowance would be increased to the sum of 50,000 francs.

On the other hand, they insisted that we should set off on the 5th of April; and it was of no avail to make it appear that my son had had a severe illness,

(which was the fact) and that I myself, who had been equally indisposed, was only now upon my recovery: all this would not suffice to retard our journey a single day. It took place accordingly on the 5th of April, nine months after our arrival at Compeigne. Just as we were going I received a letter from Napoleon, wishing me a good journey, and saying that I should have great enjoyment of the country which I was about to inhabit—but without once mentioning the name of that country.

Thus commenced our journey, which was prosperous as far as Lyons—where, to my great surprise, I found that my people had been sent on before me, and the inn at which I put up surrounded

by gensdarmes. The minister of police paid us a visit, and was followed by the prefect, who presented me with an order of government, purporting that I was to go to Nice, and not to Parma. The prefect added, with a very arbitrary air, that it was fit I should proceed on my journey immediately, though it was then midnight: however, we obtained permission to rest where we were till the morning—but they never quitted us while we staid. The minister of police remained all night in the anti-chamber, and the gensdarmes waited below. We set off on the following day, but they made us go as far as Avignon by water; and, though a boat was provided for us at our own expense, we were neverthe-

less obliged to proceed in all respects according to their will and pleasure, frightened, ill used,—and all because I complained that the place of my destination had been altered.

We continued our journey three days by water, then took the road by land to Avignon, and at last, on the 18th of April, arrived at Nice. From this place, I made a pressing application to the government for the increase of allowance which I had been promised on my arrival at Parma; but, every application, every remonstrance was useless, and they adopted the system of returning no answer to me. I was now in a state of real affliction; no regard was had for my family, but every trifling

order, that arrived on our account, was executed with so much rigour, as to keep me in continual uneasiness and terror. What tortured me most of all was, to see the life of my son in the power of so atrocious a tyrant. This constant agitation, and the uncertainty of all means of subsistence, depending on the caprice of one who had shewn himself so faithless in the observance of promises, and who made no scruple of turning us over from place to place, at his pleasure, with every possible circumstance of distress and inconvenience, joined to the temptation afforded by the prospect of the sea, made me conceive the project of withdrawing myself and my children from the tyranny of this

man, and throwing ourselves into the arms of England, in the hope that, as she has been, in all times, the asylum and consolation of unfortunate princes, so she would take under her protection this distressed family, which had been made the foot-ball of the tyrant, and was abandoned by the whole world. I took all the steps that I thought likely to effect this purpose; but, unhappily, just as it was on the point of being accomplished, that is to say, on the ——— of April, about an hour after midnight, the colonel of gendarmerie entered my house with a detachment, while others of his men scaled the two garden walls. My residence was thus, at once, converted into a hall of justice. The soldiers

were armed with manacles, ropes, and a couple of bags. They entered under the pretence that an Englishman was concealed within. Sentinels were placed at every door, and a strict search instituted throughout the house. They seized on all the papers they pleased, and carried off my *Ecuyer** and steward,† who were sent prisoners to Paris. As for myself, my allowance was suspended. The government, which had detected my project, let it go on to the moment of execution, and then followed that insult, greater than any that would have been offered to the most guilty plebeian, of seeing my house filled by

* Scudiere. † Maestro di Casa.

officers of police, who remained there two entire hours. After this, four months passed away, during which the officer seemed to be forgotten.

When I saw that my hopes had completely failed, I wrote to Bonaparte himself, assuring him that mine was all the blame, and exculpating those who were suspected of being concerned with me.

Four months had passed since these representations, when I learned that a public prosecution was commenced against me, preceded by a military commission. In the course of a few days, on the 2d of August, when I came back from church, where I had been to witness the jubilee, I met the commissary of police with my sentence, which had been pub-

licly pronounced to my greater shame and mortification; after reading which, he announced to me, that by the emperor's clemency, I was only to be shut up in a monastery with my daughter, and that my son was to be conveyed to my father and mother.

Twenty-four hours only elapsed between this order and its execution: in so little a space of time was I condemned to part from a son, whom I tenderly loved; from a household, which was rendered desolate by my loss, and from all my property left in the hands of those barbarians. I travelled night and day, with my daughter, and only one lady to attend us, besides a female ser-

vant and a physician; and, to complete our company, that scoundrel of a commissary, who shewed himself an absolute brute, when he saw the tears which I shed for my son, who had just been torn from my bosom. Whatever hardships he could subject me to in the course of our journey, he had recourse to all of them; and we were besides exposed to the insults of the common people, who saw only a coach full of women, and an officer of police following it. In this manner, after ten days journey, we arrived at Rome in the evening. At the last stage I was committed to the care of the Roman minister of police; and, about nine at night, we reached the monastery, where the prioress, with a single wax taper,

came to the door, to receive us, and neither bed, nor supper, nor chamber, was prepared for our accommodation. In this monastery I remained two years and a half, without seeing, or speaking, or being allowed to write to, or hear from, any body—not even my own son. They allotted to me a chamber which looked into the inner court, and I was never suffered to place myself at any of the outer windows. It was precisely a month after my entrance into the convent that Janet, intendant of the treasury, came to visit me, and take from me the few jewels which I had brought with me: after this, a pension of 2500 francs per month was assigned for my maintenance. I had been eleven

months in the convent when my parents came, with my son, to Rome, on the 19th of July. I hoped that my freedom would have followed immediately upon their arrival; but, so far from it, instead of diminishing the rigour with which I was guarded, they only placed me under more strict orders, and even carried their severity so far as to prohibit my father, and every member of my family, from approaching the convent themselves, or sending any messengers thither. Once a month only, and even sometimes at longer intervals, General Miollis brought my parents and my son to visit me; and to him I was allowed only to give one kiss, and look at him from a distance, and always in the presence of witnesses.

These visits, rare as the indulgence was, were only a quarter of an hour, at most twenty minutes, in length. In this melancholy situation I remained, for two years and a half, so entirely excluded from all intercourse with the world, that whenever a stranger came to visit the monastery, I received an intimation to shut myself up in my chamber; which I was not permitted to quit till duly apprised, by the prioress, that the visitors had left the house. General Miollis came frequently, not only to visit me in the unworthy office of gaoler, but to insult, with his sardonic laugh and insolent discourses, my deplorable condition.

During the latter months my health

had suffered so severely, as to confine me to my bed. The physicians, as well as the superior herself, made pressing applications, backed by professional opinions, at Paris, to obtain, if not my liberation, at least sufficient liberty for the purposes of exercise, but no answer was made to them; and perhaps nothing would have been so agreeable to the court there as to see me die under those circumstances—the death of any individual of the House of Bourbon being matter of rejoicing and triumph; and such rejoicing I should have certainly afforded them, had my cruel situation continued much longer, since it must have rendered me the victim of their barbarities. But Providence, that

watches with a special care over innocence, opened a way for my deliverance, through the treaty made by Murat with the Allies; upon which event Rome was occupied by the Neapolitan troops, and I began again to breathe under the hopes of a change of government. Miollis, nevertheless, used every endeavour to shut up my relations in the castle; and, as for me, he threatened to send me to Civita Vecchia, where God knows what he designed to have done with me.

On the 14th of January, however, most unexpectedly, a strong Neapolitan guard came to the convent; and, the day after, General Pignatelli paid me a visit, to say, that, immediately on the arrival of

the Neapolitan troops, he had esteemed it his duty to place a guard of honour at my disposal. On the 17th of the same month, the government was changed, and the new governor, M. de la B****, came to acquaint me that I was at liberty. I told him that I accepted my freedom, but that I should make no other use of it than for the purposes of air and exercise till I had settled my affairs, and that I should then take up my residence in some house, together with my son, because I did not like the idea of living under the same roof with my parents, on many accounts. However, the next day, as I was going to dinner, General Pignatelli came to me again, and, without suffering me to eat, or paying any

attention to the hardships which I had already sustained—not even addressing me in the light of a person at liberty, but, in a hostile manner, announced his pleasure that I should leave the convent, and remove to my father's house. Nothing I could say was of any service. He persisted in his purpose—at first with a shew of politeness, but afterwards with threats of compulsion, having soldiers with him in the convent to force me; so that he obliged me to comply, and I was hurried away, in a miserable hackney-coach, to the house which my parents inhabited. My only consolation arises from having my son near me; in all other respects I am still a sufferer. A most wretched apartment is assigned me; my

mother's lowest waiting-woman being better lodged than myself. A single table is provided for the whole family; and though, as a special favour, my board is furnished out of it for one month, at the end of it I shall be deprived of this indulgence, and must look elewhere for sustenance.

But with what means? As soon as I had left the monastery I demanded an increase of my appointment, since it was impossible to live upon a pension of 25,000 francs. Having spoken on this subject with Murat, on his passage through this city, and subsequently written to him to the same effect, he passed a decree, of the 6th of February, for an allowance of 33,000. For this

sum I began to draw, as far as 22,000; but, when I came to the last third, which would have made the complement, they informed me, that, the day before, another decree had arrived, of the 16th of February, by which the former was annulled, and by which I was allowed only 10,000 a month; and that the sum for which I had already drawn was to last me for the months of February, March, and part of April.

I was petrified with astonishment at this decree, and wrote, and sent a special messenger to remonstrate about it. Well! twelve days have now passed that they have been keeping him there at my expense, without returning me any answer; and here am I, with my miserable

pittance, having but a fortnight to look forward to being left entirely to my own resources—abandoned by all.

Such is my disastrous history, succinctly told, but which might have been extended to volumes. It will be seen, what have been the vicissitudes of my fortune, that I have been the unhappy victim of the blackest treacheries, the foot-ball of that tyrant, who has made his sport of our lives and properties; and, that I am, even now, afflicted, degraded, and abandoned. I hope that England, the asylum of unfortunate princes, will not refuse to take under her protection an unhappy mother and widow, with her two infant charges—all three without any support, though having

the most unquestionable rights, both as infants of Spain, and as proprietors of the states of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, as well as that of Etruria.

I hope that this kingdom, under whose government I was seeking an asylum from barbarians (an attempt from the discovery of which I have sustained so many sufferings), will be now the support and defence, and the instrument of restoring me and my children to our rightful possessions.

NARRATIVE,

&c.

NARRATIVE

OF THE SEIZURE AND REMOVAL

OF THE

SUPREME PONTIFF, POPE PIUS VII.

ON THE 6th OF JULY, 1809.

AFTER the usurpation of the states, which yet remained to the church, and of the capital itself, great apprehensions began to be entertained for the personal safety of his Holiness; and people predicted, not without sufficient grounds, that he would be carried away by force from his beloved and faithful city of

Rome. He was himself persuaded that it would be so, and ordered guards to be posted in different parts of the Quirinal palace, where he had shut himself up; and to watch, with all diligence, that he might be prepared in time, and not be taken by surprise. The degenerate sons of the capital, joined with many who usurp the name of Romans, because they disgrace the Roman soil by inhabiting it, but who are, in fact, either entire strangers, or natives of the provinces, threatened, with many abusive words, and gave it out for certain, that the Holy Father would be carried off *(deportato)*. This sort of conversation became more general towards the beginning of the month of July; but the

rebels feared that his Holiness might, by acquainting the Roman people with the danger to which his sacred person was exposed, excite an insurrection in his favour at the moment of the enterprize; and that, in such case, they should all be massacred; since the small French force which was present to support them, would be insufficient to controul the insurgent populace. In this state of affairs, General Miollis, who commanded these troops, and who had orders to effect the deportation of his Holiness, thought proper to put them in execution without delay; and he made his dispositions in such a manner, as to afford himself and his soldiers the means of imme-

diate escape, in case any movement should be excited among the people.

On the 5th of July they were joined about two o'clock, P. M. by five or six hundred conscripts from Naples, who were quartered in the Castle of St. Angelo.

In the evening they secretly collected in the quarter *della Pilotta*, a quantity of masons' ladders, pick-axes, ropes, and various other implements—the ladders being forcibly taken away from the workshops of Giuseppe Fornari, (an Upholder) at St. Mark's, and the necessary persons brought together by Matteo Lovatti, son of the master-mason in the employ of government. The accountant *(Assentista)* of the galley slaves in the Ceoafts, St. Angelo, Giuseppe Pig-

nani, son of the forager *(foriere)* belonging to the same castle, had the charge of providing pitch-torches, and other implements, for the infamous assault of the Quirinal palace.

Their greatest merit was their having brought with them the galley slave, Francesco Bossola, who had formerly served in the above-mentioned palace in quality of porter, *(facchino)* and who, having committed a robbery in the apartments of Mer. Braga, his Holiness's private chaplain, had obtained the pardon of his life from the clemency of the Pope himself; being reserved for the present occasion, to perform the part of guide to the satellites, who were destined to the attack of the palace, and

the seizure of the person of the venerable Pontiff, Pope Pius VII. For this service he was to receive the sum of 100 piasters; and he accordingly pointed out to them all the doors, stairs, and passages, by which they would have to proceed in the performance of their undertaking. In the mean time, the most turbulent and outrageous spirits, who had already enrolled themselves among the civic guard, were assembled together within the Quirinal, under the command of their officers, Francesco Marescotti, Joseph Giraud, Cæsare Marucchi—together with many others, whose names will be noticed in the sequel. After midnight a picquet of infantry and four horses were detached to the bridges,

to watch the motions of the people in the transtiberine quarter, with orders to retreat in case of any commotion. Other patroles were sent round the city to the same effect; and the remainder of the forces, which could not have amounted to more than 1000 men, including infantry, gendarmerie, and police officers *(birri)*, were disposed at proper distances round about the palace, and on the *Piazza del Quirinale*, having their head quarters in the palace *Rospigliosi*. General Miollis, with his staff, was in the garden of the *Casa Colonna*, from the walls of which he watched the execution of his sacrilegious enterprize.

General Radet, formerly peniten-

tiary canon in a French cathedral, at that time inspector of the French gendarmerie, and of police at Rome, was charged with the infamous commission of leading the assault, and seizing the person of his Holiness.

On the same night, about one A. M. all the *soi-disans* patriots, above-mentioned, began to file off from the Pilotta, where they were assembled; and, armed with sabres and pistols, proceeded towards the palace in silence, by the light of their torches, at the head of the several detachments which had been previously posted round about it. When they reached the palace itself, the signal for assault was immediately given.

In the interior of the palace, the guards having observed no movement whatever so late as one A. M. began to think themselves safe for the night; and the Holy Father himself, and their eminences the cardinals, who were shut up with him, after having remained on the watch till that time, thought they might then venture to take a little repose. About two, the besieging party had reached the palace walls; and the faithful Swiss guards immediately advertised the major-domo of their approach, with which the Pope himself was also made acquainted; and, afterwards, the other inhabitants of the palace, all of whom were, at that moment, enjoying their first sleep. The assault

was commenced on three principal points. The first, in the servants' apartments, *(Palazzo della Famiglia)* over against the *Noviziato*; where two *birri*, or gensdarmes, entered through the windows of the lower range *(Mezzanini)* and ascended the stairs belonging to the apartments of Messer Sagrista's domestics, and of one of the Pope's grooms *(Cameriere)*; not being able to open or break through the window over the great gate of the palace, or penetrate into the apartments of Sigr. Giuseppe Moiraghi, first groom of the chamber *(primo Ajutante di Camera)*, they broke the glasses, and entered by a window contiguous to those apartments, by which they were enabled to force their way into the in-

terior, and open the great gate of the *Noviziato*. The second assault was through the high windows of the entrance to the pontifical chapel, commonly called the *Sala Regia*, where they broke the last window next to the door of the common chapel; and, making their way through the galleries, with terrible shouts, spread consternation throughout the edifice.

Signor Raffaelle Bonomi, coming out of his chamber at the noise, was fired upon, but received no injury. The *birri*, however, seized and led him to the guard-room in the square, where he remained prisoner all the morning.

The second attack was made from the street *della Dataria*, upon the win-

dows of the other *Palazzo di Famiglia;* by which possession was taken also of the opposite galleries, conducting to the pontifical residence.

But the most violent assault was upon the great gate of the *Panettaria;* and, in attempting this, some of the assaillants fell, fractured their sculls, broke their legs, and were otherwise wounded, as appeared the next morning from the blood left on the place; among these was Filippo Tamburlani, and another, who lost all the flesh of his left leg, arm, and cheek.

As soon as they had gained the court-yard of the *Panettaria*, a great many men, armed, proceeded to the little stair-case leading from thence to the great

court; and, under the guidance of Francesco Bossola, entered the apartments of the auditor, and into the very chamber where the surgeon, Domenico Frosoni, was sleeping, out of which they stole a large quantity of linen. From thence, they entered the great pontifical court. Others mounted the garden wall, to ascend that way into the pontifical apartment. The plumber belonging to the fountain of Trevi, whose name was Luigi Cappellini, actually got as far as one of the windows of that apartment: but finding it so fastened that he could not open it, he lost the merit of this grand enterprize.

All obstacles of gates and doors being at last removed, the assailants met

together in the great court; and, having blockaded all the domestics and the Swiss guards, in their separate quarters, the great street door was burst open, and General Radet, whose duty it was to seize the person of the Holy Father, made his entry through it. Immediately, soldiers, gensdarmes, and *birri*, ascended the winding stair-case under the clock, to gain the Pope's apartment; and, by means of pick-axes and hatchets, forced their passage into that of his physician, Porta. Still, they were for a long time unable to find their way to the pontifical apartment; and the surgeon, Ceccarini, for refusing to direct them, was severely handled with blows from their fists, and from the but-ends of their

muskets, and dragged away to the guard-room.

By the time they reached the first antichamber, his Holiness, having been informed by his eminence, Cardinal Pacca, first Secretary of State, of the assault, had left his bed, and slipped on a white bed-gown. The cardinal, above mentioned, who, in his dressing gown and slippers, and quite unattended, had, with difficulty, made his way to the Pope's chamber; Cardinal Despuich, who had also been apprized of what was going forward by M. Maffei, the train-bearer; and, together with them, others of the household, were all pressing round his Holiness's person. The Holy Father himself, as soon as he had

opened the door of his bed chamber, took Cardinal Despuich by the hand, and said to him, with an undisturbed air, " Here we are, then, at last, my Lord Cardinal;" *(Ci Siamo, Sig. Cardinale)* to which his eminence replied, " Holy Father! now is the time for your Holiness to display your courage, and to implore the illumination of the Most High, that you may be an example to us all. May it please your Holiness to remember, that we are now in the octave of St. Peter."—" You are right," answered his Holiness. By this time the noise in the second antichamber increased, and the same cardinal said to him, " If your Holiness wishes it, we are still in time to pass into your private

chapel, to implore the grace of the Lord at the foot of his altar." But, the uproar increasing more and more, and approaching nearer, the Pontiff seated himself in the chair which he commonly used, having, by this time, hastily put on his pontifical robes, *(moretta e stola)* while the cardinals ranged themselves on each side of him.

Cardinal Pacca had already issued orders to prevent any alarm being given to the people without doors, who, if they had been apprized of what was going forward, would certainly have caused the whole attempt to fall to the ground. But the Holy Father, resigning himself to the will of the Most High, was determined to await the consumma-

tion of this grievous iniquity devised against his sacred person: supported by the two cardinals, and others of his court, he, therefore, maintained the utmost calmness and intrepidity; and, calling for the crucifix which he was accustomed to carry with him, put his breviary into its case, and, with a majestic cheerfulness, placed on his finger the ring which his predecessor, the immortal Pius VI. wore, when he was, in like manner, carried away from his capital.

The assailants now began to break open the door of the antichamber of public audience; when Cardinal Despuich proposed to the Holy Father, for the sake of avoiding the disorder that

would ensue from the tumultuous entrance of the low wretches, who were among them, into his sacred presence, to order three or four of the domestics to place themselves in the lobby *(passetto)*, to ask what was wanted. His Holiness signified his approbation of this proposal, and sent four persons accordingly, who reached the lobby, just as the door was on the point of being forced. Then the Abbé Maury, of the secretary of state's office, asked who was there, and what they wanted? They answered precisely in these words, "*Nous voulons le Pape;*" (We want the Pope;) upon which the Abbé replied, "I will speak to the Pope; and, if he orders it, the door shall

be opened." The order was not, however, immediately given, and the assailants were about to renew their attempt to beat it down, when the Pope at last commanded it to be opened. Immediately, General Radet entered, accompanied by his gensdarmes, soldiers armed with muskets, and some of the patriots:—among others, one Diana of Ceccano, a town in the diocese of Florence, Antonio Cardelari, Fignani, &c. in all about twenty persons—and presented himself, standing, and covered, all his attendants maintaining the same position. Then, addressing his Holiness (before whom stood Cardinal Despuich,) he said, "Holy Father, I come, by command of my sovereign the Emperor of the French, to say

that your Holiness must renounce the temporal dominion of the states of the Church." The Pope, keeping his seat, answered with a mild and serene air, "I cannot;" to which the general replied, "If your Holiness will make this renunciation, I doubt not that all matters will be accommodated, and that the Emperor will treat your Holiness with all possible consideration. Then the Holy Father raising himself on his feet, with an air of majesty and authority, as if he, at this moment, remembered that he was a prince, and vicar of Jesus Christ, rejoined, "*I cannot; I must not; I will not. I have promised before God, to preserve to the Holy Church her possessions, and never will*

I fail in the oath which I have taken to maintain them." The general answered again, "Holy Father, I am very sorry that your Holiness will not please to condescend to such a demand; since, in refusing, you but expose yourself to new sufferings." The Pope replied, "I have said: nothing on earth shall move me; and here I am, ready to shed the last drop of my blood, and lose my life this very instant, sooner than violate the oath I have taken before God."—"Well," returned the general, "this resolution of yours may perhaps prove the source of some inconvenience to you."—Then the great and immortal Pius VII. answered, "I am resolved, and nothing shall move me."—"Since such is your

resolution," replied the general, "I am grieved at the orders which my sovereign has given me, and at the commission I have received from him." Upon this, the Holy Father changed that majestic and imposing tone, which he had hitherto maintained, and which was so worthy of his sacred character, and assuming that of a parent, with an air full of compassion for the general, said to him, "In truth, my son, this commission will not draw down upon you the blessing of Heaven." These words made some impression on the general; but nevertheless, following his instructions, he said, "Holy Father, it is necessary that I should carry your Holiness with me:" to which his Holi-

ness answered, "This then is the gratitude due to me, for all that I have done in favour of your emperor! This is the reward of my great condescension to him, and to the Gallican Church."—"This is my commission," returned the general; "I am sorry to be obliged to execute it, since I am a Catholic, and a son of the church." At this moment, Cardinal Pacca observed, that it was fitting, his Holiness should be attended by such persons as were necessary to the due government of the church. To this the general answered, "Whatever persons your Holiness may wish to have in your suite, will doubtless be granted you; but for this permission, you must treat with his excellency the commander

in chief, who is now absent from head quarters." The cardinal then said, that his Holiness must, of course, have several preparations to make for his journey; to all which the same equivocal answer was returned. Meanwhile, the Holy Father had drawn up a list, consisting of cardinals, prelates, the secretaries of latin dispatches, briefs and memorials, four other persons in the secretary of state's office, two gentlemen in waiting, a physician, a surgeon, and two menial servants; adding that, with regard to M. Sagrista, his confessor, he considered the permission to take him to be a matter of course; "and this (he concluded) is my will and pleasure, as witness my own hand-writing."

Just at this moment, the general was accosted by one of his aides de camp, who, after whispering something in his ear, added, in a loud voice, that it was the emperor's order, that nobody should attend his Holiness besides Cardinal Pacca. It was still supposed, that time would at least be given for his Holiness to make the proper preparations for his departure; but, seeing that the general already evinced some symptoms of impatience, Cardinal Pacca proposed the question, what time would be allowed for that purpose; to which the general answered, "Half an hour." Then the Holy Father rose from his seat, and, with an air of courage and mental superiority, such as it is impossible to

describe, heroically said, "Let us be gone. The will of God be accomplished in me!"

The general then informed his Holiness, that he was at liberty to return to his apartment, supposing that he inhabited chambers of state; but expressed his astonishment, when Cardinal Despuich informed him, that the apartment they were now in, together with an adjoining bed chamber, was his Holiness's ordinary residence. Shortly after, the Holy Father went into his bed chamber for some private purpose, and was impudently followed thither by the general and others. He returned from it again with an air of unexampled tranquillity and resignation, without having taken

any thing that belonged to him; without even his breviary, (with which he was afterwards furnished by the reverend fathers of the Carthusian monastery at Florence;) with nothing, in short, but the crucifix which was suspended at his neck underneath his cassock; and, taking the two cardinals, Pacca and Despuich, by the arm, he turned to the latter, and said, "Tell their other eminences, that I am grieved at being unable to take my leave of them, and give them my sacred benediction." Thus they passed through the anti-chambers, and when they arrived at the foot of the winding staircase, and were already under the portico, the general caused Cardinal Despuich to return, and gave orders that all the Ro-

mans should leave the court to make way for the French troops, who were to enter in their stead. Cardinal Despuich, at parting, shed many tears, and grasped the vicar of Christ by the hand, who bestowed upon him the sacred benediction. He then surrendered himself very sorrowfully to the gensdarmes, who were ordered to escort him back to his own apartments.

The Holy Father was conducted by general Radet's guards, and followed by many of his servants to the outer gate of the palace, where a coach was waiting, which he was ordered to enter, with Cardinal Pacca to attend him. The general closed the door upon them himself, and then mounted the coach-box. In

this manner was effected the removal of the Holy Father, the unconquerable hero, the brave, the pious defender of the church, the vicar of Christ. They turned round by the Porta Pia, went out at the Porta Salara, and proceeded from thence to the Porta del Popolo. Here they found another carriage ready prepared, into which his Holiness was made to enter, together with the Cardinal; and, upon this, General Radet turned to him once more, and said, "There is still time for your Holiness to renounce the rights of the church;" but he, like an immoveable pillar, steady to its first purpose, answered again, only "No." The general then shut the door of the carriage with his own hand, and fastened it with

a padlock; after which, he mounted the coach-box as before, and they took the road to Florence. Thus was the apostolic sovereign of Rome forced away from his capital, between three and four in the morning of the 6th of July, 1809. At Pontemolle he was met by General Miollis, who renewed the instances which had already been made to him to renounce, but with the same effect: and so they proceeded on their journey.

Very early in the morning, the infamous transaction of the night was made known to the public; and the faithful people of Rome were plunged in the deepest affliction for so dreadful a loss.

In this irruption of the gensdarmes and *birri* into the pontifical apartments,

and those of the Swiss guards, many robberies were committed, in linen goods, time-pieces, and even flasks of wine. In the palace itself, the plunder was immense, consisting of precious articles of gold and silver plate, belonging to the apostolic palace of the pontifical chapel; and, of all the plunderers, one only was arrested. This person, who was condemned to die, and afterwards shot in the Piazza del Popolo, on the 11th of the same month, was named Paul Costantini, a *birro*, for taking one chalice, one *patina*, and one Pixis. Many thefts were likewise committed in the apartments of the major domo, as well as in other parts of the palace; for wherever the French broke in, they

carried away every thing that fell into their hands. A poor woman, the widow of one of the major domo's servants, was thus robbed of a clock, linen, and other goods, to the amount of 40 crowns and upwards.

As soon as his impious commission had thus been executed, General Miollis said in French, "Dismiss these rascals!"

GENUINE MEMOIRS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR reiterated entreaties to have from me an exact and true account of all that happened to our Holy Father in the beginning of July, 1809, on his sad journey from Rome to France, and from France to Savona; when, by order of the French government, General Radet, commandant of the gendarmerie at Rome, with a bold and sacrilegious hand tore him away, in the middle of the night, from the Roman people and

his beloved flock—have at last overcome the just and natural repugnance, which I felt to satisfy you: and I now hasten to comply with your request the more willingly, because I am well assured that all you wish is, to be made acquainted with the naked facts, without artifice or flattery.

I am glad that you have already been informed, by an able writer, of the infernal cabal which engendered that impious design of carrying away the Pope—combining, for the same purpose, the dregs of the disorderly Romans with those whom the delirium of an irreligious fanaticism rendered averse to the supreme head of the faith and their own natural sovereign, already

conscious of their enormous transgressions.

Notwithstanding that these wretches kept secret their detestable project, and the infamous mode by which they intended to carry it into effect, yet their whole design was thoroughly penetrated by our Holy Father, who, inspired by a sublime and heavenly courage, stood, as you have already been told, prepared for the terrible trial; so that, in that tumultuous nocturnal assault upon his sacred Palace of Montecavallo, where he had been kept prisoner for one year, five months, and four days, by an armed band of perjured robbers, and even at the moment of their furious entrance into his own private apartments, with

the intention of surprising him by sudden terror, General Radet, to his great astonishment, found him unmoved and resolute to sustain the majestic dignity of Vicar of Christ, firm in his refusal to subscribe the insidious proposal which was held out to him, and in declaring himself ready to meet even death itself, rather than incur the least spot or blemish in his reputation.

In this distressed moment, without concerning himself about any thing that might have been of service to him; without once returning to his bed chamber, except for the purpose of taking his crucifix and breviary; without humiliating himself so far even as to ask an instant's time to huddle to-

gether the mere necessaries for his journey, he approached his infamous guides, being only impeded by the affection of his inconsolable friends, who, with sighs and tears, kissed and embraced his feet as he moved along, vying with each other in the proofs which they gave of their violent indignation and sorrow. But, although common humanity, or the sense of duty and honour, might have obtained even from barbarism itself permission for his old groom of the chamber (which office I enjoyed) to follow, in that dreadful crisis, the fate of his beloved master; yet that simple request was denied, and nobody was permitted to attend him but Cardinal Pacca, his then secretary of

state. God knows what an effect this repulse had upon me, and how it was possible I did not suddenly cease to exist, when I saw the Supreme Pontiff shut up with that cardinal in a common carriage, and borne away before our eyes! How was it possible that I could survive even for a moment the bare imagination of so revolting an act of villainy!

At length, however, the courage and fidelity with which M. Doria, master of the chamber, renewed the application to General Miollis, (in whose house, as the centre of all diabolical machinations, every new insult offered to the pontifical dignity was hatched, in compliance with express orders from

Paris) for liberty to the Pope's most familiar servants to follow him, was rewarded to this extent—that four persons only should set off together after him; and I was one of the number. Let those who can imagine my enthusiasm on that occasion, and the impatience with which I packed up the few clothes that were necessary for me, to be in readiness for the journey. I esteemed at that moment as nothing my affection for a wife whom I left, surrounded with a numerous and infant family, flocking about me in tears to prevent my departure. About ten hours after the assault, I left Rome with my companions, and was enabled to join the Pope at Radicofani—the first stage at

which he was suffered to halt by General Radet, his conductor. From this point of union with my illustrious and august master, I shall endeavour faithfully to make you acquainted with every remarkable circumstance that came under my observation, so far as my memory is now sufficient to collect it, in such order as I think most convenient for submitting all the principal facts to your inspection.

When we reached Radicofani, before we knew that his Holiness was in the town, I was immediately surrounded by the gensdarmes who were on guard, and, together with my companions, conducted into the presence of General Radet, who, with great vehemence of

manner, commanded us, on pain of death, to observe during the journey the strictest silence, with respect to the circumstances under which the Pope had been forced away from Montecavallo. After this warning, permission was given us to be introduced to his Holiness. I could not restrain myself at first sight, finding him so emaciated in countenance, and suffering under a convulsive fever, from bursting out into the loudest expressions of grief; and God knows how soon the violence of my sorrow would have given me leave to speak, if it had not been checked by the Holy Father himself, who, with the greatest sweetness and a most enviable cheerfulness of spirit, invited me to pray to God,

who was alone able, in his great mercy, to console us under our common affliction. These words, uttered with that holy resignation which so remarkably characterizes the Pope, penetrated my inmost soul, and inspired me with new-born vigour to lend my assistance to all the offices that were required of us, and that we were enabled or permitted to perform, till the moment arrived for continuing our journey to Poggibonzi.

There they made us alight at the door of a common hotel, where the Holy Father was confined in a chamber, the door of which was left open that he might be under the inspection of General Radet, who chose, while he ate with a most voracious appetite in an adjoin-

ing room, to sit at his ease, and watch every motion of his unfortunate victim. My oppressed master could eat little,—nothing, in short, but a single egg for his meal; and, during the excessive heat of the day, reclined his sorrowful head on a pillow of the common bed which occupied one end of the apartment, where he lay waiting the orders of his inhuman gaoler to proceed on our expedition.

In spite of the precautions so anxiously taken to conceal the person of the Pope from every eye, the people got scent of his journey, and, the fatal intelligence spreading from one to another, a multitude of poor countrymen were soon seen leaving their work, and crowding

round the inn, with pallid and sorrowful countenances, silently waiting to see the prisoner, and express their grief at his departure. This general expectation was, however, baulked by our cruel leader, who ordered the horses round to the door of the inn opposite to that by which he had entered, so as to avoid any surprise or tumult which might otherwise have taken place, and at the same time uttered the most terrible threats to the postillions to make them hasten their departure from the town at full gallop.

His commands were punctually obeyed; the postillions, for fear of becoming victims to the furious passion of this brutal man, setting off at such speed,

that the horses got entangled with each other, and, at a very short distance from the inn door, overset the carriage upon some loose stones, and precipitated the general from his seat on the coach-box, with his heels in the air, into a quagmire among the pigs. I was instantly on the spot, ready to open the door of the carriage (which was rendered wholly unserviceable by the fall), and trembling for the safety of the Pope; but, to my great joy, I found him unhurt, (being protected by the blessing of Heaven,) except through the effect of terror produced by the danger he had encountered.

Radet soon rose from his stinking bed, his face begrimed with mud, swelling

with rage, and covered from head to foot with the filth into which he had fallen. Then, cursing the postillions, he made the Pope with all possible expedition enter, with the cardinal, into the miserable vehicle in which I had hitherto been conveyed; and, thinking of nothing but how to escape the tumultuous mob that was collecting round us, ordered me to mount the coach box by his side, and then commanded them to drive on, never stopping till we reached the Carthusian monastery at Florence, which we did about two hours after nightfall.

Our approach to this holy spot was known before hand by that worthy sister of Buonaparte, the soi-disante Grand

Duchess of Tuscany, who had the insidious and malignant courtesy to send a message to the Holy Father, as from herself, to ask whether there was any thing he wanted with which she was able to supply him. To so unexpected and artful a message, the Pope only answered, with his accustomed heroism; "I do not know this lady of whom you speak to me, and have no need of her services for any thing." Meanwhile, a collation was served up for the Pope and those of his suite; but he ate little or nothing; for the continual fatigue and agitation of mind he had within these few days undergone, had entirely taken away his appetite; so that, about the third hour, he dismissed us, to seek some repose in his bed.

I had hardly laid myself down, together with my companions, by the side of the Pope's chamber door, in order that we might be near enough to hear and immediately answer his call, before the commanding officer of the gensdarmes at Florence, named Mariot, presented himself; having just been substituted to General Radet, who terminated at this place his opprobrious commission, and had already consigned his authority, with all due formality, to this new slave-driver. *(aguzzino.)* Equal to his predecessor in every thing villainous, as well in aspect as in manner, this man imperiously commanded our instant departure, for which all the necessary preparations had been made already. At this

unwelcome intimation I felt myself quite confounded, not so much on my own account, as from the barbarity it evinced, by disturbing in his first sleep the unhappy Pontiff, who had the greatest need of repose; for which reason, whatever my utmost ingenuity could devise, by way of deferring obedience to these orders, whatever, in the way of argument, on the ground either of reason or humanity, my weak tongue could suggest, I earnestly put in practice, in hopes of procuring, by this filial artifice, even an hour or two of truce and tranquillity. At length the savage hound *(cane arrabiato)*, raising his voice to such a pitch, that it was impossible the Pope should not be awakened by it, and myself

fearing only to expose him to fresh mortifications by any further opposition on my part, I went to inform him of the change of our conductor, and the orders given for our immediate departure; to which he only answered, "The Lord's will be done," and with the utmost humility set himself immediately about preparing for the execution of them.

It being Sunday, he begged permission to celebrate mass, which was peremptorily refused him; as was also his second application, to be allowed to hear it performed by a priest. All this anxiety to hasten his departure by night was owing to the express orders of the French government, which, on this point, saw but too clearly; for it is most certain,

that if the Holy Pontiff had passed through their streets by day-light, the devout inhabitants of Florence would have vied with each other in the warmest demonstrations of their displeasure at his sad catastrophe. There was even ground enough for apprehension, that their just zeal for the Catholic faith would have excited them to some attempt for the liberation of its august Chief, so infamously betrayed and abused.

Before we quitted the Carthusians, however, as if our great Pontiff had not already been sufficiently pierced through the heart from all quarters, it pleased God to afflict him with a new trial of his constancy, by separating him from the faithful companion of his cross, his

beloved disciple, Cardinal Pacca. I even yet tremble with emotion, and feel my bowels yearn within me, when I remember the tender parting of these two affectionate souls, who experienced, in the midst of such severe sufferings, a reciprocal consolation from the idea of supporting them together;—it must be reserved for a more able writer adequately to describe the effect of this terrible moment. We had passed through Florence before day-break, on the way to Lerici, from whence we pursued the mountainous and difficult pass that leads into the Genoese territories. This journey cost us three days of constant anxiety, fatigue, and suffering, with the exception of one night passed at Lerici

in tolerable tranquillity. The fame of the Pope's approach had preceded him even in these rocky retreats, so that, wherever we passed, men, women, children, ran out into the streets and upon the eminences, to behold the countenance of their Supreme Pontiff.

At a country-house called Castagna, about three miles distant from Genoa, which we afterwards knew to belong to the Signori Spinola, our commandant gave orders for the whole convoy to halt, though it was then only mid-day, and intimated to us that we were to make some stay at that place. We all availed ourselves of this delay to refresh our wearied frames; while, being still ignorant for what the Holy Pontiff was des-

tined; and, flattering ourselves, among the variety of conjectures, with the hope that he was to be detained here in privacy, for some short time at least, we determined, about the third hour after nightfall, to endeavour to get some sleep in the single bed which was assigned to us all.

Before any one of us had closed his eye-lids, however, one Boazar, commandant of the gendarmerie at Genoa, who had just arrived there to relieve Mariot of Florence, commanded us all, with a peremptory air, to put on our clothes again in haste, and follow him in the darkness of the night, with lanterns, under an escort of soldiers, wheresoever he should conduct us. "What will be

the event of this nocturnal adventure?" said one of my companions. "It seems to me like the garden of Gethsemane, and that I see Christ again among the executioners, who are leading him away to Calvary. These are surely the preparations for death; and we will all submit to it cheerfully, guided by the example of our great master."

Our new executioner had provided two litters, one for the Pope, the other for Monsignor Doria; and thus we were all conducted to the sea coast, where they put us on board a galley, and rowed us out to sea, but without giving us any intimation where we were to be carried. We continued our voyage for several hours in silence, and, as we afterwards

found, made a complete circuit round Genoa, from the Castagna to San Pier d'Arena, at which last place we disembarked at break of day, and recommenced our journey by land to the Bocchetta.

If in districts remote from the high road this sudden journey of the Pope's had been divulged, how could the news of his arrival at the Castagna be otherwise than spread throughout the Genoese territory with the rapidity of lightning? This had not escaped the vigilance of the French government, any more than the consequences which might possibly result from their keeping him in that delightful retreat of the Spinola family. They therefore had recourse to an artifice to delude the people, and keep

them quiet at Genoa, giving out that Cardinal Spina was preparing the episcopal palace for his reception,—an artifice which more than any thing displays both the fears of the government and the religious affection of the people for the sacred person of the supreme head of their church. It is for thee, oh Genoa! to take ample vengeance hereafter for a fraud which deprived thee of the satisfaction of seeing that persecuted apostle within thy walls!

From the Bocchetta we took the road by way of Novi to Alessandria, where the Casa Castellani was fortunate enough to receive and entertain for three days so venerable a personage. While we travelled, the greatest diligence was ex-

erted by the gensdarmes who preceded and surrounded our carriages, to prevent all passengers from discovering who it was that they were guarding; sometimes fraudulently giving out that the prisoner, so attentively watched, was a general of rank. But these were useless precautions—for the public report had already announced him wherever we came.

The rigorous orders of Captain Boazar, and the strict concealments hitherto maintained were now reinforced by the extreme vigilance of the general commandant at Alessandria, who absolutely, during the whole time of our stay, refused to admit a single person into the presence of the Holy Pontiff, much less to suffer any body to converse with him.

He carried his system so far as to prohibit even us, his attendants, from holding discourse among ourselves, or having the smallest communication with those of the house. However, this residence of three days, with all the conveniencies afforded us by the illustrious possessors of the mansion, who placed all their most valuable effects at the disposal of the Holy Father, recruited as much as possible our harassed frames, and diminished the effects of that convulsive fever with which the Pope had been afflicted, and which had never left him altogether since his seizure and removal from Rome.

Leaving the high road to Turin, which opens the best communication with the

province of Dauphiné, we took that which leads from Alessandria to Mondovi, where also the news of the Pope's approach had preceded us. Never had the population of any town we had entered shewn so much desire to display, in the most striking manner possible, the devotion and sincere respect which they entertained for his Holiness under these trying circumstances; while the government, on the contrary, affected to triumph in this the most heavy of all its transgressions, pretending that the people every where applauded their monstrous proceedings. In this city we were no longer accosted by individuals only, but whole companies of people and religious fraternities came to meet us, with

all holy reverence, as it is fit to approach the Vicar of Christ. Whatever ground Boazar might have to be enraged at these cordial demonstrations, and still more at the interest which all classes of the faithful appeared to take, even to the extent of accompanying his Holiness several miles, to the boundaries of their district, he was nevertheless bound to digest his anger as well as he could, not being strong enough, with his small military force, to restrain or prevent this religious fervour of veneration.

The nearer we approached the French frontier the greater was the enthusiasm, and the continual concourse of the people gave our passage too much the air of a majestic progress, the Pope not wishing

to appear insensible to such proofs of affection, but desirous of answering them by looks of paternal regard. It was in vain, however, that he endeavoured to call into his pale and emaciated countenance the image of his internal tranquillity, or to conceal the ravages of the fever which still continued to prey upon his corporeal frame; since every look served but to engender compassion in the hearts of all beholders, and to draw from all eyes the most lively expressions of inward sorrow. Say, then, ye fortunate hills of Piedmont, ye vallies, ye mountains, say what were the prayers, what the benedictions which were invoked with upraised hands, and implored of the Giver of all good things for this holy person! All

people, of every age, and of every condition, thronged to meet him as he passed.

At last we left Italy behind us, and entered the French province of Dauphiné, where, as far as we could collect from subsequent occurrences, it was then intended to fix the ultimate residence of his Holiness. In almost every district, however inconsiderable, the Pope was received with universal veneration; and, both in the public inns and in the houses of the chief magistrates, the Holy Father experienced the greatest attestations of real homage, while the populace at each successive resting place followed the example set them, vying with one another in a noble spirit of emulation.

At the distance of a few miles from Grenoble we were attacked by a heavy rain, which completely soaked through the carriages, and wetted the whole party as if we had been drawn through a river. The Holy Father himself was not exempt from this misfortune, and he was calculated to suffer more than all the rest from its consequences, his slight complexion of body and natural constitution giving at all times ground for the most lively apprehensions. But it must not on that account be supposed that he gave signs of any mental inquietude, or was betrayed to evince any symptoms that might have argued either distress or anxiety, or a just resentment of his oppressors. Far from it: that chearful

politeness, that apparent indifference, with which at Rome he quitted his holy chair to encounter, as he might have imagined, his death, was still maintained by him amidst all the calamities of his disastrous journey; and in the execution of the most barbarous orders of Buonaparte by his impious ministers, he never gave token of the slightest vindictive feeling, but left it to Heaven alone, in its own good time, to visit his sufferings on the heads of his cruel tormentors. I find it quite impossible to describe the imperturbable character which he constantly sustained in the eyes of the world, which every where excited the highest admiration and the warmest interest in sufferings supported with so much

dignity; and, for my own part, this conduct of his appeared the more extraordinary to me, because I well knew how his heart had been torn to pieces by the reflections arising out of his situation, as sovereign of Rome and universal father of all true believers. How is it conceivable, then, that under circumstances such as these, his fervent imagination did not continually recall the ideas of his departed greatness, and all the relations of that holy union, which, as head of the Christian church, he had contracted with millions of Catholics dispersed over the universe? Full well am I assured how all these thoughts must have agitated and torn his affectionate spirit, and what deep sighs they must

have made him pour forth at the foot of the crucifix, in the solitude of his chamber, and the silent darkness of night. Yet, to all outward appearance, in spite of all these complicated griefs, he was at all times equal to himself, as if he had had no internal source of affliction. What an incontrovertible argument in favour of the unalterable virtue and sanctity which attended him in all his ways!

At Grenoble, the Holy Father alighted at the palace of the prefecture, where he was received by the vice prefect, in the absence of the prefect, who being a worthy man, did not think proper to appear as an instrument of his government in the sacrilegious degradation of the pontifical authority. There can be

no doubt that Boazar, and the emperor likewise, flattered themselves with the expectation that the Pope would now be deserted, and lose all the applause and veneration by which he had hitherto been attended; that, being buried in this retreat, the very remembrance of a Pope, sovereign of Rome, would gradually die away. In fact, the astonishment of Radet, Mariot, and Boazar had been excessive, when, in Italy, in spite of all their jealous and secret precautions, they saw multitudes of all ranks of society crowding on all sides to pay their adorations with loyal hearts to the supreme head of the Catholic religion; and Boazar, suspecting the messenger, whom he sent on from post to post to announce his route,

of giving notice that the Pope was coming, and so attracting the concourse of people by which was constantly greeted on his arrival, altered his measures accordingly a few days before our entrance on the French frontier, and, instead of sending him forward, became himself the herald of his own progress.

But how foolish and senseless were his speculations! To his excessive amazement, Boazar was now doomed to observe, with his own eyes, and to convince himself, even in France itself, of the prevailing influence of our holy religion over the hearts of all faithful worshippers. It was in vain that the vice prefect, the military commandant of Grenoble, and Boazar himself, employed every pos-

sible precaution, by keeping the Holy Father under the strictest watch, to prevent, or disperse, the assemblage of the populace; for, from the very first day of his arrival in their city, so vast a multitude flocked from all the adjacent country, to behold the supreme Pontiff, and kiss his feet, that it became necessary to devise means for giving safe vent to this pious ardour. So that, at last having fixed upon a convenient spot in an adjacent garden, where the general desire might be accomplished without danger, several hours were afterwards devoted to the reception of the crowds that poured in from all quarters. The same method was observed, duing ten succeeding days, in the presence of a sufficient number of

gensdarmes, to keep the people in subjection; who, silently, one after another, enjoyed the single satisfaction of kissing his feet. The bishop alone, a man of merit and piety, full of reverence for the Holy See, was restrained, from day to day, by repeated artifices, from partaking in this happiness; perhaps, because they feared the consequences of this pastoral meeting. During the night of our eleventh day's residence at Grenoble, orders were suddenly given for our departure for Valence; and the reason of this removal was to avoid the fatal consequences which were apprehended, from the circumstance of a numerous assemblage of people having been heard on that day loudly declaring sen-

timents of insubordination to the government, because the Pope had not shewn himself in the garden at his accustomed hour. This the Holy Father had omitted doing, although permission was given him, because Boazar could not be present, and the vice-prefect also was engaged at some sumptuous dinner; and he had wisely so determined, in order that he might not become responsible for any untoward event: but the people, ignorant of this prudent resolution, and suspecting, perhaps, some violence to be designed against his sacred person, broke out into loud murmurs against the government. The consequence was the order for our removal to Valence, at which place we were lodged in a mi-

serable inn, where the Holy Father was obliged to seek repose on one of the worst beds that can be imagined. It was well for us all, that with the first dawn of day, we were summoned to proceed directly for Avignon.

It is impossible to comprehend with what motive Boazar suffered this city to be entered in broad day-light, with so little precaution, by its legitimate sovereign, the Pope;—a city where still exist so many noble monuments of the munificence of former Pontiffs, the absolute monarchs of all that beautiful district. If it was merely the effect of his ignorance and simplicity, it deserves pity; but if it was done through vain-glorious temerity, or that sovereign con-

tempt which tramples under foot all the most legitimate privileges, Boazar was guilty of a most heinous misreckoning, and Boazar may now repent of his boldness.

The news of the Pope's arrival at Avignon spread like wildfire; so that in a short time the whole city, without reserve of age or station, had flocked around his carriage, saluting its sovereign with shouts of joy, and doing him homage as the legitimate successor of Peter, with a thousand modes of testifying the respect due to so exalted a personage. Ladies, gentlemen of the first rank, merchants, artizans—all joined in one general cry of fidelity and obedience to the Pope, all feeling the same detestation of their ex-

isting government, as tyrannical and unlawful; and all the exertions made by Boazar, both of voice and gesture, to terrify the inhabitants, were wholly unavailing, being lost in the noise of triumph and rejoicing. At this moment of peril, the soldiery, which was mixed and confounded with the multitude, grew pale and trembled, wanting courage to have recourse to arms, as the imprudent Boazar, in the heat of his fury, would have had them. That the tumult might not still further increase, and to prevent the people of the adjacent country from uniting themselves to the already assembled populace, he then ordered the city gates to be shut, keeping open only that by which we were to take our departure.

We remained about twenty minutes the objects of this popular convulsion, so glorious for Avignon, and which will be eternally memorable in its particular annals, till Boazar, breaking through the crowd by main force, with pistols charged and levelled, extricated himself from the surrounding dangers, and precipitately quitted the city, together with the Pope's retinue, in extreme disorder.

In the short space allowed us, every inhabitant of Avignon had a thousand things to say, and a thousand questions to ask, running from one to another, like the successive waves of the sea, without interruption: as, for instance, one man of mild aspect and civil demeanour came up to me, and asked, "If it were true

that the Pope had formally excommunicated the Emperor Buonaparte." On my laconic answer, that I could not satisfy him, because it was death to speak, "That is enough for me," he exclaimed, "that's quite enough—I understand;"—and, so saying, hurried away into the thickest of the crowd.

A little way out of Avignon we were met by an order from Paris, not to proceed any further in France, but to return by the interior of Provence into Italy, in the direction of Nice, where we were to await, in security, the regulation of our ultimate residence. The whole of this, however, was not communicated to us at once; but we continued our journey under the most profound mystery.

without being able to guess at what place we were destined to rest. This order of *retrocession* was probably issued in consequence of the informations sent to government by the vice prefect of Grenoble and the principal magistrates of the other towns on our route; all of whom had been spectators and cruel witnesses of the devotedness with which the Pope was received in every corner of the land, and by every description of people. It was natural, then, to remove from France a visible monument of Buonaparte's perfidy, and try to quench, in some remote quarter, the splendour of that celestial light, which the Pope every where diffused by his sacred presence. Who knows (the emperor may have

thought to himself between the accesses of his furious passion,) who knows that the brightest flames may not be kindled by the Pope's arrival, in proportion as he draws nearer the heart of my empire? Who knows what unforeseen reverses may happen to myself, by which all my daring plans may fall to the ground, and the crimes I have committed become publicly conspicuous in their naked deformity, together with that last offence by which I have provoked the vengeance of the Vatican? No, no—let the Pope retrace his steps—let him return to Italy, and then I shall be at leisure to adopt new expedients with regard to him.

We pursued our journey to Nice by the most unfrequented roads; notwith-

standing which, Boazar, to his infinite chagrin, was doomed to witness the triumphal reception of the Pope wherever we came, the people in all places evincing, by tears and by the strongest signs of tenderness, the pity excited by his unhappy fate, in being subjected to the caprice of a barbarous hireling *(condottiero.)* At Nice they had been apprised, by common report, of his approach, and had had time to make suitable preparations to receive him, and meet him with all due reverence on the road.

A few miles from Nice there is a long bridge over the river Varo, which separates the states of France from those of the royal house of Savoy, so rudely constructed, that travellers are obliged

to dismount from their vehicles, and pass over it on foot, for fear of accidents. The Pope himself was constrained to adopt the usual practice, and, under a scorching sun, himself oppressed by fever, to alight from his coach, and walk to the other side of the bridge, together with the rest of the party; for which there was no remedy.

Instantly on alighting a most moving spectacle presented itself. An immense multitude had already assembled; not as before, along the roads, in disorder and hurry, the smith leaving his iron red hot at the anvil, the labourer half naked, with his implements of husbandry on his shoulder; but all observing the utmost decency and order, and distin-

guished from each other by their several ranks and stations in life. There were ecclesiastics dressed in the habits of their order, noblemen with their illustrious devices, merchants in their proper costume, artificers in their more simple attire. All prostrated themselves on the ground at the same moment, and raised their hands to heaven, pronouncing words of filial reverence, and calling, as with one voice, "Holy Father, bestow your blessing upon us! *(benediteci, benediteci!)*" Whoever reads my letter, must assuredly, at this passage, experience a certain internal emotion, a grateful sense of affection and tenderness; which must even be increased, in reflecting on the extatic transport which his Holiness

himself must have felt, when he beheld amidst the crowd, kneeling at his feet, and supported on each side by her two innocent children, the religious Queen of Tuscany. The picture of surprise and joy could not have been more complete; but while both were in vain attempting, amidst the crowd of their separate reflections, to give utterance to their feelings, and explain to each other the strange diversity of fortunes, which had now brought them together for the first time since their former glorious meeting at Florence, Boazar issued his orders to proceed, with which they were obliged instantly to comply, though the unfortunate Queen was overcome with heat and fatigue for the length of the bridge,

which she was obliged to pass over on foot.

At the end of the bridge, however, the crowd and the spectacle did not cease; but the multitude of the devout, on the contrary, continued to accumulate, thronging to right and left around the coaches, all the way to the entrance of the city, of which the streets were spread with flowers up to the mayor's house, where we were destined to lodge. So joyous a reception must have proved very little acceptable to Boazar, who considered it as altogether at variance with the treatment proper for a prisoner of state; and this to have happened at Nice, too, where there was a very small military force, and where the multitude

collected from all quarters of the adjacent country greatly augmented the number of the inhabitants, must have been far from contributing to put him in a good humour. He was forced to allot several hours in the day, to the gratification of the people, in being admitted to kiss his Holiness's foot; and he found himself further compelled, during the three days of our abode in that delightful place, to desist from much of the ordering vigour which he had hitherto observed, in the treatment of his captive. For the whole of that period Nice was constantly illuminated all day long, and with so lavish a spirit, that instead of having only two lights in each window, they were stuck as full

with lamps as they could hold. What a difference between such illuminations as these, the true demonstrations of the heart, and those which are commanded by the French government, under a penalty in case of non-compliance! Besides the display of affection towards the Pope, this illumination proved of infinite advantage to thousands of persons, who, availing themselves of the beauty of the summer season, spent the whole night in watching and singing pious hymns, round about the mayor's house; a circumstance from which many derived the most surprising consolation.

In the midst of so many glorious traits, worthy of historical celebration, in the midst of the joy experienced by

all the inhabitants of Nice and its territory in having the first personage of the Christian world for their inmate, who would believe that the incomparable Queen of Etruria was plunged in the deepest affliction by being prohibited to draw near the sacred person of his Holiness? Yet such were the barbarous orders of the ruffian Boazar! Whoever has any sense of humanity, or has had the happiness to know the exalted virtues and sound piety towards the Holy See, which have always been manifested by that great princess; whoever is acquainted with the peculiar sentiments of affection and veneration which she has manifested towards the Pope himself; he, and he only, can conceive the tor-

ments of her situation, in being obliged to abstain from seeing and speaking in freedom to his Holiness. So unhappy a circumstance could not but embitter his residence at Nice, however, in other respects, deserving of perpetual commemoration, and on which the Holy Father always reflected with triumphant satisfaction, during the whole of his tedious and painful banishment.

The hour at last arrived, destined for our departure from this pleasant town; and we were obliged to proceed to Savona, where a more desirable residence was assigned us. On our journey thither Boazar took care to make us quit the road along the sea coast, and conducted us by the bye ways through the moun-

tains. Notwithstanding this precaution, fresh multitudes poured in upon us, during the whole of our journey, to pay their adorations to the Pope. Religious communities in the habits of their several orders; illuminations among the trees at night fall; hymns chaunted with ecclesiastical precision and harmony—all these demonstrations accompanied us along the whole range of the mountains, that streched from Nice to Savona.

The Holy Father was received in the house of the mayor of Savona, a member of the family of Santon, and a good Catholic, who had undertaken the office by compulsion, and who, as far as he was himself concerned, never failed in any possible testimony of complaisance

and respect to his sacred inmate. He was indebted for his preservation in these religious sentiments to his mother, who, on this occasion, gave the most striking evidence of her sincere piety and sense of duty to the holy Catholic faith. During the four days of our abode with them, we enjoyed all the liberty that could be afforded us, and the devout inhabitants of Savona and the neighbouring district were allowed to take their fill of beholding the Pope, and kissing his feet.

Four days had scarcely elapsed in this apparent tranquillity, when a notice was sent to the Bishop of Savona, (whose sanctity and good odour are known to all men,) to quit his Episcopal Palace,

and resign it to the disposal of the Pope and his attendants. Lodgings were assigned in it to every individual in his suite, and those prepared for the Pope consisted in a chamber, with a little antichamber annexed to it, and a dressing room within the outer wall. In the mean time our commandant Boezar disappeared, from Savona, as it is reported, in disgrace with the emperor, for his imprudent conduct at Avignon. Perhaps it was God's will that the vengeance due to him for his gross ill treatment of the Pope, during his unhappy pilgrimage, should fall on him through the hands of the emperor himself, in base compliance with whose supposed inclinations he had incurred the guilt of such impiety.

On our entrance into the Episcopal Palace, it was manifest to us all, that some great change of proceedings had been adopted at Paris relative to the treatment of the Pope, and that a new line of fraud and artifice was determined on, to varnish over the Pope's arrest, in the eyes of the world, and silent discontent by a display of honourable and respectful attentions.

The first effect of this new course of policy, was the appearance on the stage, with every ceremonial of etiquette and dignity, of one of the first masters of ceremonies *(ceremonieri)* in the imperial court, Count Salmatoris, of Turin ; who, having been early initiated and thoroughly grounded in all the mysteries of court

discipline, during the splendid days of his original mistress, the royal house of Savoy found it impossible to exist, after her downfall, without offering the fruits of his long experience at Paris, where he accordingly became founder, as it were, and parent of the ceremonial adopted by the then obscure and infant court of Buonaparte. He was not ill-intentioned at bottom, and even maintained throughout his life a respectable moral character, which only makes it the more to be regretted that he prostituted his talents, first to the service of a Buonaparte, and then to the acceptance of such a commission from him to the Pope at Savona.

To judge from the offers he made,

and the general style of the regulations adopted, it might be concluded that he had a carte blanche from the emperor, as if nothing less were designed than to place the Pope's household on the establishment of a sovereign prince of the first order. His Holiness's table was placed at the unlimited disposal of his cook. Coaches, horses, liveries, — nothing was spared that could contribute to his external magnificence; and, with truly imperial profuseness, all the domestics were allowed to demand to the extent of 100 louis per month for the appointment of each individual. Observing that the Pope had nothing but a brass lamp and common inkstand, he presented him immediately with a superb

silver lustre and a highly wrought writing apparatus *(scrivania)* of silver. But the Pope, who could not be imposed upon by theatrical appearances, and well knew his own condition to be still that of a prisoner, whose tears flowed in unison with those of the whole Catholic church, firmly refused every thing that was offered, on his own account, and prohibited all his domestics from accepting any thing further than absolute necessaries. This system being fixed, and established as a decided rule of conduct, all the ceremonial structure of Count Salmatoris necessarily fell to the ground. More liberty was allowed us at Savona than any where else, to go out and come

in as we pleased, and even the Holy Father might have shewn himself in public, and in the open streets, as often as he had any inclination to do so. Nevertheless none of his attendants ever went out into the city, except upon business of necessity, and the Holy Father himself did not leave his house more than twice during the whole time of his residence there; once to pay a visit to the sanctuary of the Madonna, and once on a Sunday to celebrate high mass in the cathedral. At a certain hour in the day, in good weather, he descended, for the refreshment of his wasted frame, into a little garden belonging to the episcopal residence, which was only fifty

paces in length; and he reaped no other benefit than this from all the liberty that was afforded him.

As soon as it was generally known that the Pope no longer wandered about, day after day, without repose, but that he was at last fixed in the mild imprisonment of the Episcopal Palace of Savona, numbers of the faithful, from all parts of the world, had recourse to him to remedy the grievous ills of conscience, which had not failed to multiply exceedingly during the so desolate condition of the church, and in the absence of so many bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries, who had been thrust from their seats. His Holiness was consequently enough occupied in paying attention to the mul-

titude of petitions that were continually pouring in upon him, and in the dispatch of this business he was constantly relieved and assisted by the assiduity of the Bishop of Savona, and Monsignor Doria. The good shepherd experienced great internal consolation, in being thus restored to the liberty of administering to the spiritual wants of his flock; and his mind was at the same time so much amused, as to make him comparatively forgetful of his condition as prisoner, and his distance from his capital.

In the mean while Gen. Cæsar Berthier arrived, for what purpose we are ignorant; and was pleased to express his approbation of all that had been done with regard to the Pope and his house-

hold. He assumed an air of command and importance, and kept every day a magnificent table, to which the first persons of the country were constantly invited. It was further observable, that no great harmony subsisted between Gen. Berthier and Count Salmatoris, and that the coolness between them continually increased till the period of the latter being recalled to Paris. When Berthier remained alone in the capacity of chargé d'affaires, he continued to treat the Pope with all possible respect and regard to his convenience; but required that his levee should always be held either in the presence of himself, or of the captain of gensdarmes, and assigned no other time for the transaction of any kind of public

business. He also insisted on being exactly informed of the contents of all petitions, which were expressly confined to matters of a spiritual and ecclesiastical nature.

In spite of these restraints upon his Holiness, preventing him from giving his judgment publicly on matters of a mixed jurisdiction, *(affari misti,)* he was nevertheless able, partly by means of ourselves, his familiar attendants, who were permitted to hold what conversation we pleased with those without, partly through the medium of correspondence, which was in like manner allowed him, to make known his sentiments as supreme teacher and organ of our holy mother church. Thence have arisen in-

calculable spiritual advantages, which he has been enabled to communicate to all the faithful, particularly to the church revenues by means of matrimonial causes. Thus petitions of every sort were constantly received from all quarters; nor were these things done in secret, but in the face of the whole world, for the salvation of those souls which still acknowledged the head of the church.

I imagine that it was by means of these petitions presented to the Pope, and by the licence, or rather tacit connivance, with which all things were conducted at Savona, that his Holiness was informed, by some zealous and devout Catholic, of the horrible spoliations

which the holy church was continually incurring through the abuse of the laws promulgated in France by the *soi-disant* code *(of Napoleon)*, as well as through the scandalous conduct of some dignified ecclesiastics, who having allowed themselves to be misled by an unhappy passion for being considered as independent of the Holy See, and refusing to acknowledge her as the foundation of the apostolic mission, had assumed the office of bishops by the election of the usurping temporal authority, and in that character disposed, as patrons, of the possessions of their churches, acting the part of wolves rather than shepherds. Against such as these the Holy Father never ceased, even from his prison, to

make known all the force of his authority, to maintain the unity of the church, and the truth of its doctrines; and he specifically sent to Paris, Florence, and Asti, three bulls against the three bishops of Buonaparte's election. In these bulls he held the language of apostolic authority, and left nothing untried to bring them back to their duty, without using any reserve with respect to him, who was the author of such enormous scandals.

It must be confessed that the truths expressed in these apostolic briefs were so many thunderbolts of reproof, not only for the bishops elect, but for the emperor himself, who caused them to be elected; for, as soon as they appeared,

the most rigorous orders were dispatched from Paris, for the examination of the papers of all the Pope's domestics, and these orders were posted, on the 6th of January, over against the apartment of each individual, when seals were put upon all the writings found in his possession. The following day, while the Pope was taking his accustomed exercise in his little garden, and thinking of nothing less than of any attack on his apartments, those apartments were ransacked with the utmost vigilance, all their contents diligently examined, even his wardrobe inspected, article by article, and seals put upon his breviaries, and the service of our lady, all which were sent away according to the instructions received.

When the Pope was made acquainted with this rigorous visitation, and with the precautions taken, which were extended, even to the carrying away his breviaries and the service of the Madonna, he heard all with his accustomed presence of mind, and took no further note of it whatever. All his implements for writing were taken from him, and he was prohibited from holding any further correspondence. All the measures adopted were of the most severe nature; and General Berthier himself no longer made his appearance, his place being supplied by a captain of gensdarme, who treated us with every possible restraint, as if we were real prisoners. The prefect, with all his armed

force, came to intimate to the Pope his confinement within the walls of his chamber, and caused the same communication to be made to all his attendants; so that none of us were any longer able to move beyond the gates of the Episcopal Palace. "It is not now," replied the Pope, "that I am made a prisoner. I have been so ever since they tore me away from my throne. Shut up whatever doors you please—it is nothing to me now." It was then explained to him, that the unlimited table before allowed him, would be stopped, and that from that time forward, every individual, comprehending the Pope himself, would be confined to five paoli *per diem*; which allowance was to include every expense.

It makes me shudder even to record the prefect's execution of such orders of the emperor; but so it was.

It was impossible, with an appointment of only five paoli a day, to answer all the expenses of living, with the most frugal management; especially in the winter season, and in a country where fuel is extravagantly dear. The Savonese, who saw the impossibility, often discharged our deficiencies out of their own purses; the inhuman cruelty with which we were treated, became the subject of conversation in every family; and the French themselves at last wrote letters to Paris, in which they plainly set forth, how inadequate the present appointment was to our most necessary

wants. This order was consequently revoked a fortnight after, and the table, and all incidental expenses were again put upon the footing of a list payable by government.

But though this alteration was effected in the plan of our maintenance, the rigour of our imprisonment was in no degree relaxed. Its observance was on the contrary so rigidly enforced, that when our linen was sent to the wash, it was obliged to be delivered out, article by article, in the presence of the gens-darmes, and a regular list made out with chalk. It was afterwards found that the cruelty of our gaolers was pushed so far as even to the keeping back of the eleemosynary supplies, which were se-

cretly conveyed by the faithful. All external communication, in short, was positively shut out; and, since my companion, Andrea Martelli, together with the servant of the chamberlain *(Maestro di Cœmera)*, and a private secretary of his Holiness, had been conveyed one after another to the dungeons of *Fenestrelle*, we all began to apprehend that we were destined to the same fate.

While I was more and more confirmed in this idea, and agitated, moreover, by the reflection, that I had some private effects *(cose particolari)* belonging to the Pope in my possession, which I would not, on any account, should fall into such infamous hands as they must do, in the event of my supposed ap-

proaching imprisonment, I communicated to the Holy Father my resolution, to consign every thing into his hands, so as to be provided against whatever might ensue. "What is it you are taking into your head?" replied his Holiness. "However impious the French government may be, you cannot suppose that they will go so far as to deprive me of you, who are the most ancient of my servants, and whose good offices I require in my dressing room *(far la barba.)* Is it possible," continued he, speaking of D. Giovanni Soglia, "that they should take *him* also from me, so as to leave me without a priest, among all my attendants, to perform mass in my presence?" After all the hardships

he had already experienced, he did not yet know the extent of French perfidy, or of what excesses those people are capable.

Three days after I had, to my great relief, given up every thing into his hands, I was imprisoned together with that very D. Giovanni Soglia, Ceccanni the surgeon, and Bertoni the groom. To execute this commission with the greater dexterity, the captain of gens-darmes pretended that he had need of us to make certain discoveries, and to confront us with some other persons—giving an assurance, that I should be sent home again in a few hours: but, in reality, I was destined not to return any more; and was forced, in company with

the others already mentioned, to perform a journey of some miles in the night time, like victims led to the altar. We left Savona on the 29th of January, and halted, on the 2d of February, at the Fortress of *Fenestrelle*, where we were shut up in Fort St. Carlo. On one account they acted for the best, in separating me, by this Machiavelian contrivance, from my adored master; for I am certain that his affectionate goodness towards me would have made him suffer greatly at the moment of parting; and, for my part, that the grateful veneration with which I ever regarded him would, at this cruel crisis, have caused me to experience even the agonies of death. I have since had the satisfaction

of learning from my patron himself, with what kind condescension he interested himself in making inquiries about me, after my removal to Fenestrelle; and I alone know what sufferings, what moments of real despair, I myself underwent during the time of our separation.

After our arrest and imprisonment had been formally announced to his Holiness by the prefect of Savona, the vigilance with which he was guarded was redoubled; insomuch as to cast off every possible exterior communication. Notwithstanding this, the emperor sent a courier to the prefect, with a dispatch to be presented by him into the hands of the Pope in person; not so much that he might obtain an answer, which he surely

could not have expected—but for the barbarous delight of being well assured, that he had read, or at least received, all the indignities which the dispatch contained. The Holy Father, however, refused to open it; and the prefect left it on the table, hoping that he would open it as soon as he was absent, in order to return an answer—to receive which he went to him again two days after, but found the letter still remained sealed as before. Upon this he renewed his intreaties, that he would read the letter, as he was obliged to send back the courier. The Pope still persisting in his refusal, he at last caused the letter to be opened, and read it himself in the Pope's presence; in doing which, even

he was confounded by the invectives, and the abusive language, with which his Holiness was loaded in it. It treated him as nothing less than absolutely weak and imbecile, and talked of calling together, at Paris, a council of all the bishops in the empire to decree his solemn *decadence* from the papacy. "At the feet of this crucifix," said the Pope, "I lay the letter. I leave it to Him to avenge my cause; the cause which is no longer mine, but thus made his own;" and with these words he dismissed the mortified prefect.

We remained secretly shut up in Fort St. Carlo for the space of thirty-two days successively; after which the favour was granted us of being allowed to take an

hour's exercise every day under inspection. It was impossible to guess for what reason we were so confined, nor were we permitted to inquire into the objects of our future destination, or the duration of our present sufferings. After eight months, we were summoned before a judge and a notary, to give our names and country; and, through the medium of certain interrogatories, to make it appear as if there were some discoveries expected from us, so as to give something like substance to a shadow. The judge, however, had little or nothing in reality to gain from our examination, which, on the contrary, we well understood to have been made altogether only for form's sake; and, after it was over, we

were asked what favour we had to beg of his majesty the emperor: to this proposal, I, for my own part, answered, that the most signal favour I could obtain, would be that of being allowed to return to my master; and that, if that could not be granted, I should be content to remain in prison. It was seventy days after the time of this examination before we were restored to liberty. A decree then came to liberate us, and send us all back, each man to his own home, which last was positively commanded to be seen performed. The pleasure of being restored to my desolate family was great; but it was accompanied by the greatest of discomforts in my being restrained from going to attend my beloved and

revered master, whom I nevertheless continually hope to see returning to Rome in triumph.

You have given me so little time to draw up these Memoirs, that I fear they will be very deficient in the energy of stile which so noble a subject demands. But I have endeavoured to arrange them properly in order of time, and to make them contain that plain and sincere exposition of facts which you desired so much to have. In a time of peace and leisure, I may sit down to recollect many other particulars, all of which I will faithfully communicate to you. Adieu!

Your most affectionate friend,

G. M.

Nota di quei, che fecero la Scalata al S. Padre nella notte del di 7 Luglio, 1809.

1 Pietro Piranesi, Sottoprefetto, Palazzo Flies.
2 —— Mazzoleti, Cappellaro, Alle Convertite.
3 Angelo Rotoli, Commissario, Piazza Rondanini.
4 Marteo Lovatti, Mastro Muratore.
5 Giovacchino de Bru, Archibuciere, a S. Pantaleo.
6 Domenico Pepi, Commissario, a Strada Fratina.
7 Innocenzo Persiani, Droghiere, a Crescenzi.
8 ——— Busciarre, Libraro, a S. Marcello.
9 Giuseppe Paradisi, Avvocato.
10 Attilio Galassi.
11 Giuseppe Lavavino, Capo Mastro.
12 Antonio Terani.
13 ——— Terani Nipote.
14 ——— Cassi, Sbirro, Piazza Navona.
15 ——— Paggioli, Curiale.
16 ——— Ranieri, Curiale.
17 Giovenale ———, Chiuchiere, alla Minerva.
18 Lorenzo Milanesi, Commissario, Piazza Navona.
19 Costantino Sbirro, che fu fucilato par rubamento fatto.
20 ——— Bongiacci, Beneficiato di S. Pietro.
21 Franceschino Facchino di Palazzo che stava in Galera.
22 Giuseppe Tignani.
23 Cesare Marucchi.
24 Francesco Palombi.
25 ——— Cristini, del Governo.
26 ——— ———, Stagnaro, a Trevi.
27 ——— Muletto che si ruppe le Gambe.
28 D. Antonio Liberati, Sacerdote, di Soresto.

29 J. due Fratelli, Pizzicaroli, alle case bruciate.
30 ——— Vicentini, Marchese, di Rieti.
31 Carlo Prete Giascomelli, Patrocinatore, S. Andrea della fratte.
32 ——— Cardinali, di Salivano.
33 ——— Cappelloni.
34 ——— Ojetti.
35 ——— Ercolani, Usciere.
36 ——— Lazzarini figlio del Uditore del Duca Strozzi.
37 ——— Cattalani.
38 Paolo Bensi padre, Possidenti, Alla posta.
39 —— Bensi figlio, Possidenti, di Firenze.
40 —— Vivaldi padre, Marchese, nel Palazzo.
41 —— Vivaldi figlio, Marchese, Corea.
42 Giuseppe Caporali padra, Argentiere.
43 ——— Caporali figlio, Argentiere.
44 ——— Candelori, Possidente, a S. Carlo.
45 ——— Candelori, Possidente, al Corso.

THE END.

J. F. DOVE, Printer, 22, St. John's Square.

00036204

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 20 February, 2020